

# CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

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## LITERARY FASHIONS.

LITERATURE would appear to be subject to much the same mutations and renovations as the earth is described to have undergone by Baron Cuvier. Every now and then off goes the whole of its existing surface, with the objects that figured upon it, to be replaced in a certain time by a new creation. Imagery, subjects, whole strata of materials for prose and verse, sink out of sight, and, from being the verdant solace of the eyes of one generation, become a mere mineral fuel to the next. The heathen deities, and all the ideas and incidents connected with them, which were the constituent parts of the first polite literature that ever existed, are now caked into a great sandstone bed, which the men of to-day pass over almost without knowing that it is there. The modern literature which consisted of senseless allusions to that great subsided field, has long since been gravelled, and laid upon the top of it. Over that again lie a few sandy deposits of the Pope and Addison school, mixed with some great boulders; to be in time covered by the gay, the fresh, the brilliant literature, which is at present flourishing. Down they go, stratum after stratum, and still the surface remains as green and pleasant to the sense as ever.

I have been led into these reflections by a recent survey of the English poets, a class of writers over whom fashion is found perhaps more prevalent than over any other. Of the poetry of the last century, it may be said, that, while many of the favourite themes are peculiar to the time, almost the whole of the imagery, sentiments, and language, are such as would not now be used in literature. There is a coldness, a formality, a mannerism about it, that would enable one to detect a stray stanza in the midst of whole volumes of modern verse.

Now the sun, with orient ray,  
Warms the earth and gives the day,  
While, of Mirth and Pleasure born,  
Walks forth the balmy-breathing Morn,  
And scatters, from her rosy hand,  
Thousand odours round the land.  
The genial season all things hail,  
Verdant wood and bloomy vale;  
Herds the plain with lowings fill,  
Beatings answer from the hill;  
While, from every bush and spray,  
Music welcomes in the day.

Such, selected at random from an old magazine, were the verses composed by our fathers—neat verses, formed of tolerably proper words, but either referring to ideas which we do not think poetical, or treating them in a manner which comes to the same thing. What modern poet would speak of "orient ray," or of "balmy-breathing morn," or of the "genial seasons," or of "verdant woods?" How entirely different the description of morning by a bard of our own age!

The sun is up, and 'tis a morn of May  
Round old Ravenna's clear-shown towers and bay;  
A morn, the loveliest which the year has seen,  
Last of the spring, yet fresh with all its green;  
For a warm eve and gentle rains at night  
Have left a sparkling welcome for the light,  
And there's a crystal clearness all about;  
The leaves are sharp, the distant hills look out;  
A balmy briskness comes upon the breeze;  
The smoke goes dancing from the cottage trees;  
And when you listen, you may hear a coil  
Of bubbling springs about the grassy soil;  
And all the scene in short—sky, earth, and sea—  
Breathes like a bright-eyed face, which laughs out openly.\*

Here, it is needless to point out, though the words are in several cases more exactly those used in common speech, the picture is infinitely clearer, and the whole effect ten thousand times more poetical. But it is in

the department of sentimental poetry, that the difference is most marked. Let us take a stanza of what was intended to be amatory poetry, from Hughes, a gentleman whose whole works are still regularly reprinted in editions of the British Poets—

Ye tender powers, how shall I move  
A careless maid that laughs at love?  
Cupid, to my succour fly:  
Come with all thy thrilling darts,  
Thy melting flames to soften hearts;  
Conquer for me or I die!

Here we have tender powers, thrilling darts, melting flames, and a being called Cupid, of all of which you never see a trace now-a-days in poetry. Where can Cupid and the tender powers have gone?

How differently does a modern poet speak of love!

All impulses of soul and sense  
Had thrilled my guileless Genevieve,  
The music and the doleful tale,  
The rich and balmy eve.  
And hopes, and fears that kindle hope,  
An undistinguishable throng,  
And gentle wishes long subdued,  
Subdued and cherish'd long:  
She wept with pity and delight—  
She blushed with love and maiden shame,  
And like the murmur of a dream  
I heard her breathe my name.  
Her wet cheek glowed, she stept aside,  
As conscious of my look she stept,  
Then suddenly, with timorous eye,  
She flew to me and wept.  
She half-enclosed me with her arms,  
She press'd me with a meek embrace,  
And bending back her head looked up,  
And gazed upon my face.  
'Twas partly love and partly fear,  
And partly was a bashful art,  
That I might rather feel than see  
The swelling of her heart.  
I calmed her fears, and she was calm,  
And told her love with virgin pride;  
And thus I won my Genevieve;  
My bright and beauteous bride!

It is evident, that, at the time when Coleridge wrote these beautiful verses, there must have been an entirely different way of thinking and feeling on the subject of the tender passion, from what there was in the days of Mr Hughes. It would appear, that, when a poet of the high part of the eighteenth century wished to describe the fact of an attachment having been formed, he set himself to relate how Cupid laid himself in ambush in the lady's eye, and from that fortress shot forth a dart at the breast of the unhappy youth, who straight began to writhe under his wound, and could get no rest or ease till the lady was pleased to smile upon him. Now, it is certainly very strange, that, if this was really the way of human nature in respect of love, it should have ever ceased to be so. If Cupid ever was an agent in such matters, why is he not so now? Either our ancestors must have been in a delusion upon this point, or human nature has experienced some singular change, past all explanation.

It may be said that the change is only in fashion, that one set of poetical imagery and machinery has given place to another, and that human nature in her great general features remains the same. Yet, if poetry be held as depending for acceptance upon the success with which it expresses the more elevated feelings of human nature, and pictures the more elevated circumstances in which it may be placed, we must still be surprised to find that the nation could for a century receive a kind of poetry almost entirely different, in body, colour, and expression, from what it was disposed to receive in a subsequent age. Casting our eye at random over the pages of a collection of the classic versifiers of the last century, we find—"Ye gods and Nereid nymphs who rule the sea!"—"Janus, great leader of the rolling year!"—"While to your charms unequal verse I raise!"—"Gently

smoothe thy flight, O Time!"—"The graces and the wandering loves!"—"Towns, forests, herds, and men, promiscuous drown'd, with one great death deform the dreary ground!"—"Hear Damon, Delia hear, in candid lays!"—"Why art thou slow to strike th' harmonious shell?"—"Oh, formed by nature, and refined by art!"—"Daphnis stood pensive in the shade!"—"To wake the soul by tender strokes of art!"—and thousands of similar passages, such as are no longer introduced into poetry. Even in the rhymes of the two periods there is a prevailing difference. Formerly, arms and charms were perpetually exciting alarms. A youth used to be adorned with every art, to warm and win the coldest heart. Woods were always strictly associated with floods. The bard, filled with fancy's fire, never failed, within the next two lines, to seize his glowing lyre. Beside a brook would stand a beauteous maid, who in the stream her lovely form surveyed. People walked over the verdant field, to inspect the wealth which God and nature yield; or over the plain, to see the riches of the golden grain; or along the meadows, to see the lambs run sporting by the sides of their dams. The satirist, filled with a generous rage, would sit down to lash the follies of the age. The mind was always a thing to be refined. The idea of love was never far from the idea of a grove, or of a dove, or of one who through the meads did rove. Grace was generally within call of face; and fame was always professionally ready to proclaim. Such rhymes are found in almost every poem produced during the last century, and not one of them is ever now used. They appear to have been completely worn out, and laid aside.

Epode, Strophe, and Antistrophe, were at one time considerably in request by our poets, who have now disused their services, though for what reason we do not know. Whether such words meant men or women, some inferior animals, or inanimate objects, it is now impossible to tell; we only know that they were a sort of personages introduced like characters in a drama, at certain heads of the versification, and must have been something more than mere words of course. Burns, we think, was among the last of the poets who had recourse to these nondescript beings. Since his time they have not been heard of. They appear to have walked off the stage about the beginning of the present century. Whether they are only in a state of dormancy, ready for renewed action, or are clean dead and gone, is a mystery which nobody has thought fit to explore. Can no one tell us what has come of Messieurs or Mesdames Epode, Strophe, and Antistrophe?

Of all obsolete literary ideas, however, the Muse is the most notable. From Milton to Cowper the Muse was all in all. No poet could stir a step without her. They lived only by her grace. She was indeed the real source of all the poetry of that age, while the poets were merely her mouth-pieces.

Goddess of numbers, and of thoughts sublime!  
Celestial Muse!

says Mr Hughes, in a humble attempt to chaunt the praises of the house of Nassau.

Of arms and war my Muse aspires to sing,  
says Congreve, in opening an address to the king on the taking of Namur.

Oh, power unseen! by whose resistless force  
Compelled I take this flight, direct my course,  
he continues—which shows that she not only was invoked as a directress, but acted with an independent and uncontrollable sway over her subjects. There were various muses, however, as appears from a verse of Addison—

O that some muse, renowned for lofty verse,  
In daring numbers would thy toils rehearse.

\* Story of Rimini, by Leigh Hunt.

And every body will recollect that the muse which this poet possessed was one like a horse (!), whom he "bridled in with pain." Muses, too, would appear to have been mortal, as well as their friends the poets—

A muse expiring, who, with earliest voice,  
Made kings, and queens, and beauty's charms her  
choice.

Now on her deathbed, this last homage pays—

says Granville, on presenting a copy of his poems to the queen. How strange, however, on turning to the poems of Aaron Hill, to find the direct contrary asserted!

Too long provoked, immortal muse, forgive—&c.

Verily these old rhymesters seem to have hardly been acquainted, as the Earl of Pembroke said of the blundering herald, with their own silly trade. Yet it is in Hill that we find the best account of the chief or queen Muse, the mother of the hive, as it were—though he too still seems a little in the dark as to her real nature:—

Not the low muse, who lends her feeble fire  
To flush pale spleen, or light up loose desire;  
But that bright influence, that expansive glow,  
Which first in angel numbers learned to flow;  
Ere time had struck eternity with shade,  
Or day, or night, or space, or form was made;  
Tuned the raised notes at which creation grew,  
And worlds, and stars, and suns, and heavens shot new.  
She, she, the Muse—oh ne'er to be defined—&c.

Hill, a little after, adds—"I feel her now!" but though he felt her, he was still unable to tell exactly who or what she was. From Pattison, another of these classic poets, we learn that a muse could be borrowed occasionally, as one gentleman will borrow a horse from another—

Lend me thy muse, thy merits to proclaim,  
And give thy worth its just intrinsic fame,

says this writer to a friend about to be separated from him. If these things could be lent about in this way, it is hardly to be wondered at that they should have fallen out of repute. This, however, we consider a point liable to some doubt. One thing is clear, the Muses are dead. Whether they were horses or ladies, or bright influences ne'er to be defined, down they have all gone—peace to their manes!—leaving nothing to us moderns but the recollection of their brilliant services.

#### POPULAR INFORMATION ON SCIENCE.

##### THE ART OF NAVIGATION.

NAVIGATION (from *navis*, the Latin word for a ship) is the art of conducting a vessel over the ocean from one part of the earth's surface to another, by the safest and shortest way. In modern times this art has been prodigiously improved, both with regard to the shape of the vessels themselves, and to the manner of working them. Science, by pointing out the methods of obtaining perfect safety in the construction of vessels, with speed in sailing them, and internal accommodation for goods, has very materially altered their form. Sails, rigging, &c. have also been substituted for the clumsy method of rowing with oars, so generally in use amongst the ancients. Of late years, too, an extraordinary innovation in nautical affairs has been effected, namely, the propelling of ships by means of steam.

Besides the mariner's compass, which has been described, there are other instruments necessary for safely conducting a vessel from one port to another; the mariner also requires a knowledge of the earth, and of the manner in which its surface has been divided by geometrical lines into various imaginary portions, having certain fixed and determinate names. The figure of the earth is that of a sphere flattened at the two poles, which form the termination of that imaginary axis on which the earth turns round from west to east once every twenty-four hours. Midway between these two extremities, and at the thickest part of the earth, a great imaginary line passes over its surface, dividing it into two equal parts. This line is called the *equator*, and from it, towards either pole, are drawn a series of parallel lines or circles, called degrees of latitude; these again are divided into smaller portions, called minutes and seconds. The whole circumference of the earth has been estimated at 360 degrees; so from us to our antipodes, or that part of the earth immediately below us, there will intervene 180 degrees of latitude, being exactly half of the circumference of the earth. These parallels of latitude are crossed by other circles called meridional lines, which cut the equator at right angles, and terminate at the poles. Thus the earth is measured off from the equator in a southerly or northerly direction by parallels of latitude; and from any given point which shall be taken as a first meridian, in a direction either east or west, by lines of longitude which indicate degrees. The degrees of latitude are all of the same size, and each is equal to sixty geographical miles. Degrees of longitude, however, decrease as we proceed in either direction from the equator to the poles, until there they all terminate in a point, and amount of course to nothing at all. By a first meridian is meant the one from which we reckon all the other meridians, and it is quite arbitrary, almost every nation having chosen some conspicuous part of its own territory as constituting the first meridian. Britons have fixed upon Greenwich; and of any place upon the earth's surface, we say that it lies in longitude so

many degrees, minutes, and seconds, east or west of Greenwich. It is usual to calculate from this point round to the antipodes, which is a semicircle, or 180 degrees.

The globe being thus marked off by lines and circles, charts, both general and local, have been constructed with these all duly drawn upon them. The charts in present use are by Mercator, a Fleming, as greatly improved by Wright, an Englishman, who published a work upon the subject above two centuries ago. Mariners were in the practice of sailing by what was called the plane chart, but Mercator first suggested the idea of extending the meridional lines of this chart as we proceed from the equator to the poles, in a proportion which will compensate the error arising from supposing the meridians parallel, instead of converging as they do towards the poles. Great advantages arise from having a plane surface, and it was thus retained, whilst any errors which might result from the old chart were obviated. Upon these charts the various bendings of coasts, and the whole relative positions of land and water, are correctly delineated.

Besides the compass, there are various other instruments necessary: such as a log for ascertaining the speed at which the vessel is sailing; octants, of double reflection, for measuring the altitudes of the heavenly bodies; and other instruments for determining the distances between the moon and stars. The mariner should likewise be provided with a Nautical Almanac, containing the places and declinations (distances from the equinoctial northward or southward) of the fixed stars and planets, and especially the distances of the moon from the sun and other stars, and all that relates to that body. These are essentially necessary for the purpose of ascertaining by observation in what particular part of the ocean the ship may be in at any given time, as we shall further explain. In order to obtain this important knowledge with as much correctness as possible, there are other books for shortening the intricate processes of calculation, and a variety of tables for correcting errors that arise from refraction of the rays of light, altitudes of dip, and so on. For as the navigator determines his position by the heavenly bodies, and as the place in which they appear to the eye in the heavens is not that of their real situation, on account of the beams of light being bent from their straightforward course by the atmosphere, it is necessary to make the proper allowance for this. There should also be lists of latitudes and longitudes for every part of the world, and of the time of high water at every port at the period of full and change of the moon, so as to be able to find the tide at any given time.

The *log* is simply a flat piece of wood of the form of a quarter of a circle, with a long cord attached to it. The wood is called the chip, and it is loaded at the circumference, so as to float erect in the water. The line is divided into a number of equal parts called knots, which correspond to miles, half miles, and so on. There is also a glass containing sand, which runs through from one end to the other in a given time, made to correspond to the knots on the line. Thus, if the sandglass discharges its contents in half a minute, then the knot must be fifty-one feet, for that bears the same proportion to a mile that half a minute does to an hour. In order to know the rapidity with which the ship is sailing, the log is thrown overboard a good way to leeward, so as to be beyond the eddies made by the vessel as she passes through the water. The line now runs off through the hands of a person who holds it; and when the glass has run out, the individual who superintends it calls out "Stop." The line is then firmly grasped, and the number of knots which have passed off mark the speed of the ship, so that it is easy, by multiplying the rate of sailing with the number of hours sailed, to know how far the mariner has proceeded on his journey.

Furnished with these various instruments and books for securing him from danger, and directing him with certainty to the place of his destination, the navigator sets sail from port, or, as it is usually called, takes his departure. As the shore begins to recede from view, a conspicuous headland is chosen, whose latitude and longitude are noted in the tables; and by consulting the compass, the mariner determines its bearing, whilst the distance from it is either determined by the eye or by the progress which the vessel makes from it. The log is now thrown every hour, the course and distance being carefully noted, for the purpose of being entered in the log-book at the termination of every day. By the chart, the seaman learns what islands, rocks, shoals, or other interruptions, may lie between him and the port to which he directs his course, and he steers so as to avoid the danger. What is called working up the reckoning takes place every day at noon. To know the exact position in which a vessel may be at any given time, is of the last importance in navigation; for if the mariner were ignorant of this, he might run ashore, or upon rocks, without suspecting that there was any danger to be apprehended. There are two ways of ascertaining this, and both are of a nature too intricate, we fear, to be made perfectly intelligible to any but those who possess some knowledge of the subject. In the *steering*, or other convenient part of a ship, there is kept a log-board, which is divided into a number of columns. In the first are inserted the hours of the day; in the second, the number of knots which the vessel runs during half a minute; in the third are the number of fathoms, ten of which ought to make a knot; in the fourth, the

courses steered by the compass; in the fifth, the winds; in the sixth, the *leeway*—(*leeway* is the deviation which a ship makes from her proper course by means of tides or currents: *leeward*, too, denotes that part to which the wind is blowing); the seventh contains the transactions of the day. Every day at noon the contents are numbered up and transferred to the log-book, which is drawn up in a manner similar to the preceding; the several courses are corrected, and allowances made for leeway, with the variation and the distance run, by which is shown the difference of latitude, and the departure the ship has made during the twenty-four hours. The difference of latitude being applied to the latitude left, by adding or subtracting in sailing from or towards the equator, at once gives the latitude of the ship. The longitude, however, is not so easily determined, longitudinal degrees being nowhere alike in length, except at the equator; and there are many ways, more or less accurate, of deducing the difference of longitude from the departure, the latitude being known. By the aid of a table of meridional parts, the difference of longitude on an oblique course is obtained in an easy and correct manner.

Such a method of ascertaining the position of a ship is liable to error; but there is another, which, when circumstances admit of its being adopted, is independent of all terrestrial influence, such as winds and currents. It is by taking the altitudes of the heavenly bodies—that of the sun by day, and those of the moon and stars by night. By the diurnal revolution of our earth, all of these are brought to the meridian once in every twenty-four hours. Now, by the declination of these luminaries, or their distance from the equator at any given time, the latitude is easily ascertained. As the sun's meridian altitude is that which furnishes at once the easiest and most correct method of finding the latitude, we shall explain how it is taken. In this process one or more of the following instruments are necessary: A quadrant, sextant, circle, or octant of reflection. A quadrant, as its name indicates, consists of a quarter of a circle; and as the circle is calculated to contain 360 degrees, the quadrant is an arc of ninety degrees, these being subdivided into smaller portions. It is provided with glasses attached to a straight rod, through which the heavenly body is to be seen, and the position of which on the graduated arc determines the altitude of the body. A telescope is now generally used for sight instead of simple glasses. The sextant and circle are constructed on similar principles, the latter being now much used. Provided with one of these, the observer, by means of a small mirror, with which the instrument used is provided, brings down the image of the sun, until the lower limb just sweeps the horizon. The ascent of the sun is carefully followed until it ceases to rise. At this moment it has reached the meridian, and the altitude, as shown by the index, is taken down. A number of corrections must necessarily be made, which, however, can be dispatched in less than a quarter of an hour, and then the true meridian altitude of the sun is obtained. Taking this from a quadrant, the zenith distance is obtained. The zenith is that point of the heavens immediately above the head of the observer, supposing that a line passed from the centre of the earth through his position; and the zenith distance is the distance between that point of the heavens and the other point where the sun attained his greatest elevation. The zenith distance, however, is not the latitude; for, as every one knows, the sun changes his exact position in the heavens every day, gradually ascending until the 21st of July, and then descending for six months. But this is easily corrected. Twice a-year the sun is on the equinoctial, and his distance from it on either side increases to above twenty-two degrees. This distance is called his declination, and his declination for the noon of each day is given in the Nautical Almanac, an indispensable volume in a mariner's library. If the sun has declined from the *ecliptic* on the side next the observer, the declination is added to the zenith distance; if he has declined on the other side of the ecliptic, the declination is subtracted from the zenith distance. The ecliptic is an imaginary circle of the celestial sphere, and denotes the path which the sun takes in his annual journey from west to east in the heavens. By this means the true latitude is obtained, and its value in navigation must be obvious to every one. Upon the charts are delineated the coasts, rocks, shoals, islands, and other portions of land, and their latitudes and longitudes are correctly laid down; so that, when at noon of each day, or even during night, if it is necessary, and observation can be made, and the latitude of the position in which the ship lies in has been ascertained, the seaman knows at once the distance he is from his destination or proximity to any danger which he must avoid. It is a singular fact which may be observed by looking at any map of the globe, that most coasts and continents lie in a northern and southern direction, so that navigation, by the remarkable arrangement of nature, is rendered much easier, especially in long voyages, than it would be were the land distributed irregularly in every direction. Hence the value which seamen attach to latitude, and the origin of the nautical phrase "latitude, lead, and look-out." But there are various coasts which stretch east and west, so that points upon them can only be determined by *longitude*. The discovery of the longitude at sea was once a problem which excited great interest amongst philosophers, and various ways have been devised to find a method by which it could easily be determined



in any given situation. In these methods the grand element is time. As in the earth's diurnal revolution any given meridian which is brought under the sun at a given hour reaches it again in twenty-four hours afterwards, the difference of time between two places may be made to determine their longitude. Twenty-four hours and 360 degrees are equal to a circle; and the equator and other great circles can be indifferently estimated by either of these divisions. Now, if by means of a correct time-keeper or chronometer, as these instruments are called, we can ascertain the time at first meridian and the time at ship, the longitude may be ascertained. These watches or clocks have been brought to a very great degree of nicety. They are set to the time of the first meridian before quitting port, and their rate carefully ascertained before leaving the land. To find the longitude by means of a chronometer, the mariner has merely to take an observation of the sun or other star, and deduce the time of ship (a technical expression, signifying the time on board of ship at which the heavenly body attains its meridian altitude); this, compared with the time at the first meridian, simultaneously given by the chronometer, determines the longitude. To ensure perfect accuracy, more than one chronometer is used; for a single one, from its being easily deranged, might prove a dangerous guide. The longitude may be observed by the eclipses of Jupiter's satellites, and by the distance of the moon from the sun, and other fixed stars. In the Nautical Almanac, the positions of these heavenly bodies at given times are noted down; and by comparing his own observations with this book, the mariner is enabled to determine the longitude. But he must also be careful to observe every species of marine phenomena: tides, currents, and so forth, as well as the fixed lights of heaven, and the delicate instruments constructed for the purpose of guiding him through the pathless waste of waters. By attentive watching, navigation may be rendered both safe and easy; but carelessness to the various means which we have pointed out as necessary to ensure accuracy in steering, have ever proved, and still prove yearly, fatal to many thousands of individuals.

#### NEAL MALONE, AN IRISH COMIC STORY.\*

THERE never was a greater souled or doughtier tailor than little Neal Malone. Though but four feet in height, he paced the earth with the courage and confidence of a giant; nay, one would have imagined that he walked as if he feared the world itself was about to give way under him. Setting aside the Patagonians, two-thirds of mortal humanity were comprised in Neal; and, perhaps, we might venture to assert, that two-thirds of Neal's humanity were equal to six-thirds of another man's. It is right well known that Alexander the Great was a little man, and we doubt whether, had Alexander the Great been bred to the tailoring business, he would have exhibited so much of the hero as Neal Malone. At all events, Neal would certainly have looked up with contempt upon Alexander the coppersmith. Neal was descended from a fighting family, who had signalled themselves in as many battles as ever any single hero of antiquity fought. His father, his grandfather, and his great grandfather, were all fighting men, and his ancestors in general, up probably to Con of the Hundred Battles himself. No wonder, therefore, that Neal's blood should cry out against the cowardice of his calling; no wonder that he should be an epitome of all that was valorous and heroic in a peaceable man, for we neglected to inform the reader that Neal, though "bearing no base mind," never fought any man in his own person. That, however, deducted nothing from his courage. If he did not fight, it was simply because he found cowardice universal. No man would engage him; his spirit blazed in vain: his thirst for battle was doomed to remain unquenched, except by whisky, and this only increased it. In short, he could find no foe. He has often been known to challenge the first cudgel-players and pugilists of the parish; to provoke men of fourteen stone weight; and to bid mortal defiance to faction heroes of all grades—but in vain. There was that in him which told them that an encounter with Neal would strip them of their laurels. Neal saw all this with a lofty indignation; he deplored the degeneracy of the times, and thought it hard that the descendant of such a fighting family should be doomed to pass through life peaceably, whilst so many excellent rows and riots took place around him. It was a calamity to see every man's head broken but his own; a dismal thing to observe his neighbours go about with their bones in bandages, yet his untouched; and his friends beat black and blue, whilst his own cuticle remained undiscoloured.

"Oh!" exclaimed Neal one day, when half-tipsy in the fair, "am I never to get a bit of fightin'! Is there no cowardly sapsteen to stand afore Neal Malone? Be this an' be that, I'm blue moulded for want of a batin'! I'm disgracin' my relations by the life I'm ladin'! Will none o' ye fight me either for love, money, or whisky—frind or inimy, an' bad luck to ye? I don't care a traneeen which, only out o' pure frindship, let us have a morsel o' the rale kick-

up, 'tany rate. Frind or inimy, I say agin, if you regard me; sure that makes no differ, only let us have the fight."

This excellent heroism was all wasted; Neal could not find a single adversary. Except he divided himself like Hotspur, and went to buffets one hand against the other, there was no chance of a fight; no person to be found sufficiently magnanimous to encounter the tailor. On the contrary, every one of his friends—or, in other words, every man in the parish—was ready to support him. He was clapped on the back until his bones were nearly dislocated in his body; and his hand shaken, until his arm lost its cunning at the needle for half a week afterwards. This, to be sure, was a bitter business—a state of being past endurance. Every man was his friend—no man was his enemy. A desperate position for any person to find himself in, but doubly calamitous to a martial tailor.

There is no man without his trials; and Neal, the reader perceives, was not exempt from his. What did it avail him that he carried a cudgel ready for all hostile contingencies?—or knit his brows and shook his kippeen at the fiercest of his fighting friends? The moment he appeared, they softened into downright cordiality. His presence was the signal of peace; for, notwithstanding his unconquerable propensity to warfare, he went abroad as the genius of unanimity, though carrying in his bosom the redoubtable disposition of a warrior; just as the sun, though the source of light himself, is said to be dark enough at bottom.

As day after day passed, and no appearance of action presented itself, he could not choose but increase in courage. His soul, like a sword-blade too long in the scabbard, was beginning to get fuliginous by inactivity. He looked upon the point of his own needle, and the bright edge of his scissors, with a bitter pang, when he thought of the spirit rusting within him: he meditated fresh insults, studied new plans, and hunted out cunning devices for provoking his acquaintances to battle, until by degrees he began to confound his own brain, and to commit more grievous oversights in his business than ever. Sometimes he sent home to one person a coat, with the legs of a pair of trousers attached to it for sleeves, and dispatched to another the arms of the aforesaid coat tacked together as a pair of trousers. Sometimes the coat was made to button behind instead of before, and he frequently placed the pockets in the lower part of the skirts, as if he had been in league with cutpurses.

This was a melancholy situation, and his friends pitied him accordingly. "Don't be cast down, Neal," said they, "your friends feel for you, poor fellow!"

"Sure," replied Neal, "there's not one o' yees frindly enough to be my inimy. Oh, what'll I do?—I'm blue-moulded for want of a batin'!"

One day Neal sat cross-legged, as tailors usually sit, in the act of pressing a pair of breeches; his hands were placed, backs up, upon the handle of his goose, and his chin rested upon the back of his hands. To judge from his sorrowful complexion, one would suppose that he sat rather to be sketched as a picture of misery, or of heroism in distress, than for the industrious purpose of pressing the seams of a garment. There was a great deal of New Burlington Street paths in his countenance; his face, like the times, was rather out of joint; "the sun was just setting, and his golden beams fell, with a saddened splendour, athwart the tailor's"—the reader may fill up the picture from one of Colburn's last novels.

In this position sat Neal, when Mr O'Connor, the schoolmaster, whose inexpressibles he was turning for the third time, entered the workshop. Mr O'Connor himself was as finished a picture of misery as the tailor. There was a patient subdued kind of expression in his face, which indicated a very fair portion of calamity; his eye seemed charged with affliction of the first water; on each side of his nose might be traced two dry channels which, no doubt, were full enough while the tropical rains of his countenance lasted. Altogether, to conclude from appearances, it was a dead match in affliction between him and the tailor; both seemed sad, fleshless, and unthriving.

"Misther O'Connor," said the tailor, when the schoolmaster entered, "won't you be pleased to sit down?"

Mr O'Connor sat; and, after wiping his forehead, laid his hat upon the lap-board, put his half-handkerchief in his pocket, and looked upon the tailor.

"Neal," said he, "are my inexpressibles finished?"

"I am now pressin' them," replied Neal; "but, Mr O'Connor, it's not your inexpressibles I'm thinkin' of. I'm not what I was. I'd hardly make paddin' for a collar now." "Are you able to carry a staff still, Neal?"

"I've a light hazel one that's handy," said the tailor; "but where's the use of carryin' it, when I can get no one to fight wid. Sure I'm disgracin' my relations by the life I'm ladin'. I'll go to my grave wid-out ever batin' a man; that's the vexation. Not a row was I ever able to kick up in my life; so that I'm fairly blue-moulded for want of a batin'. But if you have patience—"

"Patience!" said Mr O'Connor, with a shake of the head, that was perfectly disastrous even to look at; "patience, did you say, Neal?" "Ay," said Neal, "an' if you deny that I said patience, I'll break your head!"

"Ah, Neal," returned the other, "I don't deny it—for though I am teaching philosophy, knowledge, and mathematics, every day in my life, yet I'm learn-

ing patience myself both night and day. No, Neal; I have forgotten to deny any thing. I have not been guilty of a contradiction, out of my own school, for the last fourteen years. I once expressed the shadow of a doubt about twelve years ago, but ever since I have abandoned even doubting. That doubt was the last expiring effort at maintaining my domestic authority—but I suffered for it."

"Well," said Neal, "if you have patience, I'll tell you what afflicts me from beginnin' to endin'."

"I will have patience," said Mr O'Connor, and he accordingly heard a dismal and indignant tale from the tailor.

"You have told me that fifty times over," said Mr O'Connor, after hearing the story. "Your spirit is too martial for a pacific life. If you follow my advice, I will teach you how to ripple the calu current of your existence to some purpose. *Marry a wife*. For twenty-five years I have given instructions in three branches, viz. philosophy, knowledge, and mathematics—I am also well versed in matrimony; and I declare that, upon my misery, and by the contents of all my afflictions, it is my solemn and melancholy opinion, that, if you marry a wife, you will, before three months pass over your concatenated state, not have a single complaint to make touching a superabundance of peace and tranquillity, or a love of fighting."

"Do you mane to say that any woman would make me afeard?" said the tailor, deliberately rising up and getting his cudgel. "I'll thank you merely to go over the words agin, till I thrash you widin an inch o' your life. That's all."

"Neal," said the schoolmaster, meekly, "I won't fight; I have been too often subdued ever to presume on the hope of a single victory. My spirit is long since evaporated; I am like one of your own shreds, a mere selvage. Do you not know how much my habiliments have shrunk in, even within the last five years? Hear me, Neal; and venerate my words as if they proceeded from the lips of a prophet. If you wish to taste the luxury of being subdued—if you are, as you say, *blue-moulded for want of a beating*, and sick at heart of a peaceful existence—why, MARRY A WIFE. Farewell!"

Many a man has happiness within his reach if he but knew it. The tailor had been, hitherto, miserable because he pursued a wrong object. The schoolmaster, however, suggested a train of thought upon which Neal now fastened with all the ardour of a chivalrous temperament. Nay, he wondered that the family should have so completely seized upon the fighting side of his heart, as to preclude all thoughts of matrimony; for he could not but remember that his relations were as ready for marriage as for fighting. To doubt this, would have been to throw a blot upon his own escutcheon.

No sooner had Neal begun to feel an inclination to matrimony, than his friends knew that his principles had veered, by the change now visible in his person and deportment. They saw he had *rated* from courage, and joined love. Heretofore his life had been all winter, darkened by storm and hurricane. His existence was now perfect spring—beautifully vernal. All the amiable and softer qualities began to bud about his heart; a genial warmth was diffused over him; his soul got green within him; every day was serene, and if a cloud happened to become visible, there was a roguish rainbow astride of it, that laughed down at him, and seemed to say, "why the dickens, Neal, don't you marry a wife?"

Endless honour be to Neal Malone for the originality with which he managed the tender sentiment! He did not, like your commonplace lovers, first discover a pretty girl, and afterwards become enamoured of her. No such thing; he had the passion prepared beforehand—cut out and made up, as it were, ready for any girl whom it might fit. This was falling in love in the abstract, and let no man condemn it without a trial; for many a long-winded argument could be urged in its defence. It is always wrong to commence business without capital, and Neal had a good stock to begin with. All we beg is, that the reader will not confound it with Platonism, which never marries; but he is at full liberty to call it Socratism, which takes unto itself a wife, and suffers accordingly.

Let no one suppose that Neal forgot the schoolmaster's kindness, or failed to be duly grateful for it. Mr O'Connor was the first person whom he consulted touching his passion. With a cheerful soul he waited on that melancholy and gentleman-like man, and in the very luxury of his heart told him that he was in love. "In love, Neal!" said the schoolmaster. "May I inquire with whom?"

"Wid nobody in particular, yet," replied Neal; "but of late I'm got devilish fond o' the girls in general."

"And do you call that being in love, Neal?" said Mr O'Connor.

"Why, what else would I call it?" returned the tailor. "Amn't I fond of them?"

"Then it must be what is termed the universal passion, Neal," observed Mr O'Connor, "although it is the first time I have seen such an illustration of it as you present in your own person. In recommending marriage, I was only driving one evil out of you by introducing another. Do you think that, if you abandoned all thoughts of a wife, you would get heroic agin?—that is, would you take once more to the love of fighting?"

\* Abridged from "Tales of Ireland," by the author of "Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry." One volume, with humorous engravings. Curry, Dublin.

"There is no doubt but I would," said the tailor. "If I miss the wife, I'll kick up such a dust as never was seen in the parish, an' you're the first man that I'll lick. But now that I'm in love," he continued, "sure I ought to look out for a wife."

"Look at me, Neal," said the schoolmaster solemnly; "I am at this moment, and have been any time for the last fifteen years, a living *caveto* against matrimony. I do not think that earth possesses such a luxury as a single solitary life. Neal, the monks of old were happy men: they were all fat and had double chins; and, Neal, I tell you that all fat men are in general happy. Care cannot come at them so readily as at a thin man; before it gets through the strong outworks of flesh and blood with which they are surrounded, it becomes treacherous to its original purpose, joins the cheerful spirits it meets in the system, and dances about the heart in all the madness of mirth; just like a sincere ecclesiastic, who comes to lecture a good fellow against drinking, but who forgets his lecture over his cups, and is laid under the table with such success, that he either never comes to finish his lecture, or comes often to be laid under the table. Look at me, Neal, how wasted, fleshless, and miserable I stand before you. You know how my garments have shrunk in, and what a solid man I was before marriage. Neal, pause, I beseech you; otherwise you stand a strong chance of becoming a non-entity like myself."

"I don't care what I become," said the tailor; "I can't think that you'd be so unreasonable as to expect that any of the Malones should pass out of the world without either bein' bated or married. Have reason, Mr O'Connor; an' if you can help me to a wife, I promise to take in your coat the next time for nothin'."

"Well, then," said Mr O'Connor, "what would you think of the butcher's daughter, Biddy Neil? You have always had a thirst for blood, and here you may have it gratified in an innocent manner, should you ever become sanguinary again. 'Tis true, Neal, she is twice your size, and possesses three times your strength; but for that very reason, Neal, marry her if you can. Large animals are placid; and heaven preserve those bachelors, whom I wish well, from a small wife: 'tis such who always wield the sceptre of domestic life, and rule their husbands with a rod of iron."

"Say no more, Mr O'Connor," replied the tailor; "she's the very girl I'm in love wid, an' never fear but I'll overcome her heart if it can be done by man."

Neal, however, was gifted with the heart of an Irishman, and courage still adhered to him even in making love. He consequently conducted the siege of Biddy Neil's heart with a degree of skill and valour which would not have come amies to Marshal Gerard at the siege of Antwerp. Biddy was the very pink of pugnacity, and could throw in a body blow, or plant a facer, with singular energy and science. Her prowess hitherto had, we confess, been displayed only within the limited range of domestic life; but should she ever find it necessary to exercise it upon a larger scale, there was no doubt whatsoever, in the opinion of her mother, brothers, and sisters, every one of whom she had successively subdued, that she must undoubtedly distinguish herself. There was certainly one difficulty which the tailor had not to encounter in the progress of his courtship; the field was his own; he had not a rival to dispute his claim. Neither was there any opposition given by her friends; they were, on the contrary, all anxious for the match: and when the arrangements were concluded, Neal felt his hand squeezed by them in succession, with an expression more resembling condolence than joy.

There was nothing particular in the wedding. Mr O'Connor was asked by Neal to be present at it; but he shook his head, and told him that he had not courage to attend it, or inclination to witness any man's sorrows but his own. He met the wedding party by accident, and was heard to exclaim with a sigh, as they flaunted past him in gay exuberance of spirits, "Ah, poor Neal! he is going like one of her father's cattle to the shambles! Woe is me for having suggested matrimony to the tailor! He will not long be under the necessity of saying that he 'is blue-moulded for want of a beating.' The butchers will fell him like a Kerry ox, and I may have his blood to answer for, and his disfigurement to feel for, in addition to my own miseries!"

On the evening of the wedding-day, about the hour of ten o'clock, Neal—whose spirits were uncommonly exalted, for his heart luxuriated within him—danced with his bride's-maid; after the dance he sat beside her, and got eloquent in praise of her beauty; and it is said, too, that he whispered to her, and chucked her chin with considerable gallantry. The *tête-à-tête* continued for some time without exciting particular attention, with one exception; but that exception was worth a whole chapter of general rules. Mrs Malone rose up, then sat down again, and took off a glass of the native; she got up a second time—all the wife rushed upon her heart—she approached them, and in a fit of the most exquisite sensibility, knocked the bride's-maid down, and gave the tailor a kick of affecting pathos upon the inexpressibles. The whole scene was a touching one on both sides. The tailor was sent on all-fours to the floor; but Mrs Malone took him quietly up, put him under her arm, as one would a lapdog, and with stately step marched away to the connubial apartment, in which every thing remained very quiet for the rest of the night.

The next morning Mr O'Connor presented himself to congratulate the tailor on his happiness. Neal, as his friend shook hands with him, gave the schoolmaster's fingers a slight squeeze, such as a man gives who would gently entreat your sympathy. The schoolmaster looked at him, and thought he shook his head. Of this, however, he could not be certain; for as he shook his own during the moment of observation, he concluded that it might be a mere mistake of the eye, or, perhaps, the result of a mind predisposed to be credulous on the subject of shaking heads.

We wish it were in our power to draw a veil, or curtain, or blind of some description, over the remnant of the tailor's narrative that is to follow; but as it is the duty of every faithful historian to give the secret causes of appearances which the world in general do not understand, so we think it but honest to go on, impartially and faithfully, without shrinking from the responsibility that is frequently annexed to truth.

For the first three months after matrimony, Neal felt like a man who had been translated to a new and more lively state of existence. He had expected and flattered himself that, the moment this event should take place, he would once more resume his heroism, and experience the pleasure of a drubbing. On the first week after his marriage, there chanced to be a fair in the next market-town. Neal, after breakfast, brought forward a bunch of shillelahs, in order to select the best; the wife inquired the purpose of the selection, and Neal declared that he was resolved to have a fight that day, if it were to be had, he said, for "love or money." "The truth is," he exclaimed, strutting with fortitude about the house, "the truth is, that I've done the whole of yees—I'm as blue-moulded as ever for want of a batin'."

"Don't go," said the wife. "I will go," said Neal, with vehemence; "I'll go if the whole parish was to go to prevent me."

In about another half-hour Neal sat down quietly to his business, instead of going to the fair!

Much ingenious speculation might be indulged in upon this abrupt termination to the tailor's most formidable resolution; but, for our own part, we will prefer going on with the narrative, leaving the reader at liberty to solve the mystery as he pleases. The fourth month after the marriage arrived. Neal, one day, near its close, began to dress himself in his best apparel. Even then, when buttoning his waistcoat, he shook his head after the manner of Mr O'Connor, and made observations upon the great extent to which it overfolded him.

"Neal," said the wife, on perceiving him dressed, "where are you bound for?" "Faith, for life," replied Neal, with a mitigated swagger; "and I'd as soon, if it had been the will of Providence." He paused. "Where are you going?" asked the wife a second time.

"Why," he answered, "only to the dance at Jenny Connolly's; I'll be back early." "Don't go," said the wife. "I'll go," said Neal, "if the whole country was to prevent me. Thunder an' lightning, woman, who am I?" he exclaimed, in a loud but rather infirm voice; "amn't I Neal Malone, that never met a man who'd fight him! Neal Malone, that was never beat by man! Whoo! I'll get enraged some time. Who's afraid, I say?"

"Don't go," added the wife, a third time, giving Neal a significant look in the face.

In about another half-hour Neal sat down quietly to his business, instead of going to the dance!

Neal now turned himself, like many a sage in similar circumstances, to philosophy; that is to say, he began to shake his head upon principle, after the manner of the schoolmaster. He would indeed have preferred the bottle upon principle; but there was no getting at the bottle, except through the wife; and it so happened that by the time it reached him, there was little consolation left in it. Neal bore all in silence; for silence, his friend had often told him, was a proof of wisdom.

Soon after this, Neal one evening met Mr O'Connor by chance upon a plank which crossed a river. This plank was only a foot in breadth, so that no two individuals could pass each other upon it. We cannot find words in which to express the dismay of both, on finding that they absolutely glided past one another without collision. Both paused, and surveyed each other solemnly; but the astonishment was all on the side of Mr O'Connor.

"Neal," said the schoolmaster, "I conjure you to speak, that I may be assured you live."

The ghost of a blush crossed the churchyard visage of the tailor. "Oh!" he exclaimed, "why did you tempt me to marry a wife?"

"Neal," said his friend, "answer me in the most solemn manner possible—throw into your countenance all the gravity you can assume; speak as if you were under the hands of the hangman, with the rope about your neck, for the question is indeed a trying one which I am about to put. Are you still 'blue-moulded for want of a beating'?"

The tailor collected himself to make a reply; he put one leg out, but, alas, how dwindled! He opened his waistcoat, and lapped it round him, until he looked like a weasel on its hind legs. He then raised himself up on his tip-toes, and, in an awful whisper, replied, "No!!! I'm not blue-moulded for want of a batin'."

The schoolmaster shook his head in his own miserable manner; but, alas! he soon perceived that the tailor was as great an adept at shaking the head as himself.

Nay, he saw that there was a calamitous refinement—a delicacy of shake in the tailor's vibrations, which gave to his own nod a very commonplace character.

The next day the tailor took in his clothes, and from time to time continued to adjust them to the dimensions of his shrinking person. He no longer strutted as he was wont to do: he no longer carried a cudgel as if he wished to wage a universal battle with mankind. He was now a married man. Sneakingly, and with a cowardly crawl, did he creep along as if every step brought him nearer to the gallows. The schoolmaster's march of misery was far slower than Neal's: the latter distanced him. Before three years passed, he had shrunk up so much, that he could not walk abroad of a windy day without

carrying weights in his pockets to keep him firm on the earth, which he once trod with the step of a giant. In two years more his friends could not distinguish him from his own shadow; a circumstance which was of great inconvenience to him. Several grasped at the hand of the shadow instead of his; and one man was near paying it five and sixpence for making a pair of small-clothes. Neal, it is true, undeceived him with some trouble, but candidly admitted that he was not able to carry home the money.

This, however, could not last always. Though still alive, he was to all intents and purposes imperceptible. He could now only be heard; he was reduced to a mere essence—the very echo of human existence. It is true the schoolmaster asserted that he occasionally caught passing glimpses of him; but that was because he had been himself nearly spiritualised by affliction, and his visual ray purged in the furnace of domestic tribulation. By and by Neal's voice lessened, got fainter and more indistinct, until at length nothing but a doubtful murmur could be heard, which ultimately could scarcely be distinguished from a ringing in the ears.

Such was the awful and mysterious fate of the tailor, who, as a hero, could not of course die; he merely dissolved like an icicle, wasted into immateriality, and finally melted away beyond the perception of mortal sense. Mr O'Connor is still living, and once more in the fullness of perfect health and strength. His wife, however, we may as well hint, has been dead more than two years.

#### A REPUBLIC OF PRAIRIE DOGS.

A VOLUME, the first of a series, has made its appearance under the title of "A Tour on the Prairies," by Washington Irving, author of the Sketch Book, and other popular works. It purports to be descriptions of hunting and other excursions in the western territories or prairies of the United States, in which the author was himself engaged. The following is among the best pieces in the volume:—

"On returning from our expedition, I learned that a great burrow, or village, as it is termed, of prairie dogs, had been discovered on the level summit of a hill, about a mile from the camp. Late in the afternoon I set out with a companion to visit it. The prairie dog is a little animal of the cony kind, about the size of a rabbit, of a sprightly nature, quick, sensitive, mercurial, and somewhat petulant. He is very gregarious, living in large communities, sometimes of several acres in extent, where the well-beaten tracks show the constant mobility and restlessness of the inhabitants. They seem, in fact, continually full of sport, business, and public affairs; whisking about hither and thither, as if on visits to each other's holes; congregating in the open air, and gambolling together in the cool evenings after showers. Sometimes they pass half the night in revelry, barking and yelping with weak tones, like very young puppies; but on the least alarm they all vanish into their cells, and the village remains blank and silent. Should they be surprised, and have no means of escape, they assume a pugnacious air and a most whimsical look of impotent wrath and defiance.

The prairie dogs are not, however, the sole inhabitants of these villages. Owls and rattlesnakes are said to take up their abodes with them, but whether invited guests or unwelcome intruders, is a matter of controversy. The owls are of a peculiar kind, more alert in their looks, tall on their legs, and rapid in flight, than the ordinary species, and a bird that sallies forth in broad day. Some say they only inhabit the ruinous habitations of the prairie dogs, which the latter have deserted, in consequence of the death of some relative; for it would seem that the sensibilities of these very singular little dogs will not permit them to remain in a dwelling in which they have lost a friend. Others affirm that the owl is a kind of house-keeper to the prairie dog; and from having a note very similar, it is even insinuated that it teaches the young litter to bark, being employed as a family preceptor!

As to the rattlesnake, nothing satisfactory has been learnt of the part he takes in the domestic economy of this most interesting household. Some insinuate that he is a mere sycophant and sharper, and takes in the honest, credulous, little prairie dogs most sadly; certain it is, that, from being now and then detected with one of the young ones of the family in his maw, he evidently solaces himself in private with more than the usual perquisites of a toad-eater.

The accounts I had received of these very social and politic little animals made me approach the village with great interest. Unfortunately, it had been visited in the course of the day by some of the rangers, who had even shot two or three of the citizens. The whole community, therefore, was outraged and incensed: sentinels seemed to have been posted on the outskirts; on our approach there appeared to be a scampering in of the picket-guards to give the alarm; whereupon the wary citizens, who were seated at the entrances to their holes, gave each a short yelp, or bark, and dived into the earth, his heels twinkling in the air as he descended, as if he had thrown a somerset.

We traversed the whole village, which covered an area of about thirty acres. Not a single inhabitant was to be seen. There were innumerable holes, each having a small hillock of earth about it, thrown out by the little animal in burrowing. These holes were empty as far as we could probe them with the ramrods of our rifles; nor could we unearth either dog,



or owl, or rattlesnake. Moving off quietly to a little distance, we lay down upon the ground, and watched for a long time, silent and motionless. By degrees some cautious old citizen, near at hand, would slowly put forth the end of his nose, but instantly withdraw it. Others, farther off, would emerge entirely, but, catching a glance of us, would throw a somerset and dive back into their holes. At length the inhabitants of the opposite side of the village, taking courage from the continued stillness, would steal forth and hurry off to a distant hole, as if to the residence of some relative or gossiping friend, where they might compare notes on the late occurrences. Others, still more bold, assembled in little knots in the streets and public places, to discuss the recent outrages offered to the commonwealth, and the atrocious murders of their fellow-citizens. We rose from the ground and moved forward softly, to reconnoitre them more distinctly, when yelp! yelp! yelp! passed from mouth to mouth. There was a sudden dispersal. We caught glimpses of twinkling feet in every direction, and in an instant all had vanished into the earth.

The dusk of the evening put an end to our observations; but late in the night, after our return to the camp, we could hear a faint clamour from the distant village, as if the inhabitants were lamenting in general assemblage some great personage that had fallen in their commonwealth."

#### THE ENGLISH ALLOTMENT SYSTEM.

A NUMBER of our readers are perhaps not aware, that among the means which have been recently adopted in the country parts of England for the alleviation of the condition of the more humble classes of the community, that of landlords allotting small patches of land, at an extremely low rent, to industrious and decent families, has been practised to a considerable extent, and found to be every thing that could have been desired by the warmest-hearted philanthropists. In order to obtain some facts upon this subject, we have perused several numbers of a periodical called the *LABOURERS' FRIEND MAGAZINE*, and by this publication we are informed that the system of allotments is daily extending itself in different parts of the kingdom, greatly to the benefit of the poor. Whatever may be said in a political-economy view of the matter, we have always considered it to be an exceedingly ungracious, if not unjust, measure, for persons with large properties to turn whole districts of population adrift, leaving them to beg or steal, to die of want, or fall within the scope of judicial punishment; or, at the very least, to overburden the already severely burdened towns, to which as a matter of course they proceed. We have also considered it not less ungenerous to deprive villagers of the power of renting and cultivating, for their own benefit, small pieces of ground.

Happening to have spent our early years in the midst of rural scenery and occupations, we readily recal to our remembrance the happy effects which in many instances followed the mingling of handicraft employment with the cheering and invigorating pursuits of agriculture and gardening. The possession of little more than a single acre of land was to many families a matter of vast consequence; it produced comforts and delights which money to the same amount could not have purchased. How gratifying it is to see, on a beautiful summer evening, the pent-up artisan issuing from his workshop—for example, the industrious and ill-paid weaver from his loom—and with a spade or other instrument of labour over his shoulder, and perhaps one or two of his chubby roystering children by his side, pursuing his way amidst the sweet-scented hedgerows to the field—the little farm—of which he is master, and there digging from the bountiful lap of earth, something which will be a solace to his family, or help to nourish the cow which affords milk to his little ones. There may not be much actual profit in this kind of labour, but it has a wonderful moral effect. It affords a pleasurable and healthy recreation. It gives a man something to think of better than mere theorising. It yields employment to his wife, his sons, and his daughters. It allows him to take things easier than he would otherwise do, raises him in his own estimation, and, what is of immense consequence, it keeps him from spending his vacant hours—of which there are always plenty in little country towns or villages—in that sink of every thing that is good—the public-house. If you wish to see a virtuous peasantry, a contented and intelligent village population, give each honest and industrious father of a family the management of a garden, and a little bit of land. To this, among other causes, have we to attribute the respectable character of the peasantry in the northern part of the United Kingdom.

In the publication to which we have referred, the following pleasing account is given of the allotment-

system, as practised on the extensive estates of Chandos Leigh, Esq., in the counties of Warwick and Gloucester:—"In the village of Stoneleigh, Warwickshire, there is scarcely a house to which a garden is not attached. There are seventy-two allotments of excellent land in the occupation of labourers, varying from 30 to 40 perches each; and old persons past working have plots of 10 and 15 perches. There are schools for the children of the villagers, in which they are taught reading and writing, and the principles of religion. At Ashow, another village on the same estate, there are thirty-three allotments in the possession of the cottagers, averaging about a quarter of an acre; and in front of each house, or close behind it, is a small neat and well-kept garden.

In the extensive hamlets of Stoneleigh parish most of the cottagers have for many years possessed plots of land, containing one, one and a half, and two acres, at a very low rent. Indeed, in most instances persons of the same rank have to pay more for their houses alone than these tenants are charged for both house and land; and no one can see their circumstances, and not be convinced, that, if they do not enjoy the comforts and conveniences of life on a scale superior to thousands of their class, the fault must be their own. There are 48 acres let in these large allotments, and several of the occupants keep cows. All the small tradesmen and mechanics of Stoneleigh and Ashow are allowed to rent from three to four acres of land, and some of them hold even a larger quantity.

In the village of Longborough, Gloucestershire, where Mr C. Leigh possesses considerable property, forty allotments, varying from 25 to 40 perches, have been let for several years to labourers, at a rent of L.1, 10s. per acre, including rates, &c.; and at Adlestrop, another small village in the same county, to every house a good garden is attached, and 16 householders have a plot of 30 or 40 perches besides, at a rent of L.1, 10s. per acre. Of the operation and results of the system in all these cases—of the benefits it confers on those who are its objects, and the pleasure and satisfaction which the intelligent and humane promoters of it have derived from watching its progress, the writer of this brief sketch has heard but one report; but that has been a most gratifying one:—The rents have been punctually paid; the land, which for the most part is of excellent quality, has been cultivated in the very best manner; the humble tenants are not slow to confess the numerous advantages which they derive from their gardens and allotments, while they are characterised as regular in their attendance at church, orderly in their conduct, decent in their personal appearance, and generally occupy houses, which, for neatness in their exterior, and cleanliness in-doors, may stand a comparison with any which the writer has seen. Pauperism, in the usual and degrading sense of the term, is here unknown, i. e. on Mr Leigh's Warwickshire estates. His lady, who is indefatigable in her endeavours to promote, in the most rational manner, the moral and physical well-being of the poor around her, does her utmost to induce them to 'make hay while the sun shines,' and collect their little savings, to which she contributes liberally herself, in order that they may have something to aid them when out of work; and those under her care, who behave but ordinarily well while possessed of health and strength, are not suffered to want when sickness makes them its victims, or old age paralyses their energies. Happily for these villagers, the untold evils attendant on an unlimited number of ale-houses are with them things heard of, not felt; but where no such obstacle to their baneful influence exists—that is, all the houses being the property of one who is aware of the mischief which they occasion to the poorer classes—I do not know a better, a cheaper, or a more efficacious mode of neutralising their pernicious effects, than letting to the labourer a plot of land, under restrictions which shall make temperance and good conduct the tenure of his lease; thus giving him something better to do during his leisure hours than spend them in the unhallowed purloins of that school of vice and folly, the ALE-HOUSE."

In the same number of the *Labourers' Friend Magazine*—namely, for March 1835—there is a paper, contributed by Sir Culling Eardley Smith, Baronet, describing the similarly successful results which have attended the allotment of land at Wiston, Huntingdonshire:—"A bill for the enclosure of this parish (Wiston) passed in 1831, by which seventeen and a half acres were vested in trustees, for the purpose of being left to the poor in small occupations. This ground is divided into rods, at a rent of 2s. for each allotment, or 8s. an acre. The land is worth L.1, 1s. per acre to a farmer; consequently the low rent paid by the labourers partakes more of the nature of charity than is altogether desirable. The system, however, has worked such excellent effects, that it would be wrong to cavil at one of the details. My informant told me that within two years the poor's rate had amounted to 10s. 6d. in the pound. For several years preceding the enclosure, the rates had been 7s. 6d. to 8s. in the pound. For the two years subsequent to the enclosure, it has been reduced to 5s. in the pound; and in the year ending Lady-Day 1835, it is expected that 4s. will be sufficient. The comforts of the poor are materially increased. Every man has his pig, potatoes, and a small quantity of corn. And in nothing is their present and past condition so strongly contrasted, as in the Sunday appearance of the labourers and their families. Formerly, the men were seen, on

the Sabbath-day, strolling about the village in their wretched week-day clothing, regardless of the duties of the day, and unable to dress their children with sufficient respectability to attend the Sunday school. The case is now changed; the labourers have a neat, clean, and decent appearance, their demeanour exhibiting a happy consciousness of having earned their own independence. The children are well clothed, and attend school, and they, as well as their parents, are constant at the church. This is not a fact which I elicited by questions, but one which my kind-hearted informant volunteered as a proof of the improvement of the place. 'I often tell my wife,' said he, with tears in his eyes, 'that this is the same place we lived in twenty years ago.' My excellent friend Mr Pryme the member for Cambridge town, is the principal and influential proprietor in the parish.

After giving you this history, from the mouth of a friend, to the system, I cannot refrain from reporting to you the valuable testimony afforded to its merits by a conversation which I had a few days previous with a Cambridgeshire farmer, who was rather jealous of its effects. He had been pressing on me the propriety of returning to the restrictions upon the importation of foreign hemp and flax, with a view to increasing the means of employing the poor in the winter. I had suggested, as a preferable plan, the system of small allotments. 'Yes, sir,' said he, 'those allotments do some good, but very often a good deal of harm. They make the labourers quite independent of the farmer. In our parish, where allotments are given, a man with an acre of land will be able to keep a couple of pigs; he will get four or five coombs of wheat off half his land, and a considerable quantity of potatoes, and abundance of garden stuff from the remainder. He will take work in the summer, when wages are high; but in the winter he will not look at farmers' work, unless he gets good wages.' My intelligent informant saw his way clearly to the results of the allotment system, but his habits of mind led him to regard as mischievous what we cannot but consider as a highly beneficial independence of the uncertain and insufficient wages of the farmer during the winter months."

#### THE BURNING OF FRENDRAUGHT.

THERE are now no remains of the ancient Castle of Frendraught, in Aberdeenshire, where, upwards of two centuries ago, occurred one of the most mournful tragedies that chequer what may be called the domestic history of our country. At the time alluded to, the social condition of the lowland parts of Aberdeenshire and Moray occupied a place between the civilisation, such as it was, of the southern parts of Scotland, and the clan system of the Highlands. Remote from the seat of law, untouched by that religious spirit which for some time had been gradually working improvement in the south and west, and still under the full influence of feudal usages, the people of this district may be said to have borne fully as great an affinity to their Celtic neighbours, as to the other inhabitants of Scotland. Each proprietor of note occupied his castle, and occasionally led out his retainers upon military expeditions offensive or defensive. A large proportion of this class were Gordons, who looked up to the Marquis of Huntly as their chief, and were easily united for the service of that grandee, in his political contests, or for any quarrel affecting their general or particular interests. Whatever gentleman of any name did not please to attach himself to the fortunes of the marquis, had no alternative but to put himself under the auspices of the Earl of Moray, the rival kinglet of the province, who prevailed upon Charles I. in 1630 to deprive Huntly of the heritable sheriffships of the counties of Aberdeen and Inverness, on the plea that he "was so great a man, of such friendship and power, that none could live beside him, except these offices were taken from him and his posterity." Living upon a stripe of level country bordering on the Highlands, they had necessarily much intercourse with the chieftains of that wild region. Predatory descents by the Highlanders upon their lands were frequent; and alliances with the clans, for common purposes of revenge or spoil, were not less so. So lately as 1593, a band of "caterans," as they were named, threatened the powerful city of Aberdeen with pillage. Even in the early part of the reign of Charles I., it was seldom that many months passed without some man of distinction being slain by his own personal enemies, or the enemies of his name; deeds which the law was too feeble to avenge, and which therefore never failed to lead to further bloodshed. Altogether, these northern counties present an astonishingly recent example of an agricultural portion of the British population acting under the influence of habits and systems proper to the middle ages.

The transaction alluded to in the title of this paper, though partly shrouded in mystery, was in many cir-

circumstances highly characteristic of both the time and the place. The personage chiefly concerned was James Crichton of Frendraught, lineally descended from the celebrated Chancellor Crichton, but whose family had long since lost, by attainder, the peerage conferred on that statesman. At a meeting between this gentleman and William Gordon of Rothiemay, on the 1st of January 1630, when several friends of both parties were present, a dispute arose, which ended in the death of Rothiemay. No person seems to have been brought to trial for this murder, and the friends of the deceased baron, taking redress in their own hands, began to plunder the lands of Frendraught. On this the Privy Council issued a commission; and the feud was stanchied by their ordaining Frendraught to pay to Rothiemay's widow the sum of fifty thousand merks, as a composition or assything. At a meeting in the ensuing September, between Frendraught and James Lesly, younger of Pitcaple, a friend of the former shot Lesly in the arm; and although Frendraught endeavoured to show how contrary this act was to his own will, by discharging the transgressor from his company, the elder Pitcaple vowed to be revenged upon him for the injury. In the course of the ensuing week, Frendraught paid a visit to the Marquis of Huntly, at his seat in the Bog of Gicht (now called Gordon Castle), probably for the purpose of representing his innocence in the latter quarrel, and to request his good offices in procuring a reconciliation. While he was at the Bog, Pitcaple came up with thirty armed followers, and informed the marquis of his resolution to avenge his son's hurt. The marquis, who had previously sent Frendraught out of the way, endeavoured to convince his new visitor of the innocence of the gentleman whom he accused, but without pacifying the incensed baron, who went away breathing vengeance, and in no good humour with Huntly. His lordship then informed Frendraught of the designs of Pitcaple against his life, and, when he took his departure next day, put him under the conduct of his second son, Viscount Melgum, with an escort sufficient to overawe the forces of his enemy. This afforded to John Gordon of Rothiemay, who was then at the Bog, an opportunity for displaying one of those traits of generosity, which streak with light the darkest pages of our domestic history. Overlooking the recent murder of his father, and thinking only of the danger in which Frendraught was now placed in consequence of a deed of which he was innocent, this amiable young man offered to join the convoy. Having brought the Laird of Frendraught to his own house without interruption, the young lord and Rothiemay proposed immediately to return, but, after many pressing entreaties from the laird and his lady, they were prevailed upon to stay for the night. They were entertained hospitably, the utmost cheerfulness prevailed in the party, and at a late hour the guests were conducted to their chambers. Frendraught Castle appears to have then consisted, like many similar edifices still existing, of one tall narrow tower, or *donjon*, of antique construction, containing a room on each story, and of a more modern building running out from it, and containing the principal apartments. In the first chamber of the tower, Viscount Melgum and two of his servants were accommodated, his bed being situated immediately above a round hole communicating with the dungeon or vault. In the second chamber lay Rothiemay, attended also by his servants; and in a third room, at the top of the tower, were placed George Chalmers of Noth, with a friend of Frendraught, named Captain Rollock, and another servant of Melgum.

About midnight, the tower took fire in a sudden manner—"yea, in ane clap," says a local chronicler of the time—and involved the whole of the inmates in destruction, except Chalmers, Rollock, and a servant who slept beside Lord Melgum. The suddenness of the conflagration, and the rapidity of its progress, are facts particularly pointed to in every account of this calamity. Spalding would seem to insinuate that the flames originated in the vault below Melgum's bed, and he mentions that this young nobleman might have saved his life, "if he would have gone out of doors, which he would not do, but suddenly ran up stairs to Rothiemay's chamber, and awakened him to rise; and as he is awakening him, the timber passage and lofting of the chamber hastily takes fire, so that none of them could win down stairs again; so they turned to a window looking to the close [court], where they piteously cried, many time, 'Help! help! for God's cause!' The laird and the lady, with their servants, all seeing and hearing the woeful crying, made no help nor manner of helping, which they perceiving, cried oftentimes mercy at God's hands for their sins, syne clasped in others' arms, and cheerfully suffered their martyrdom."

A rude ballad of the period, and which is still very popular in the north of Scotland, describes this tragical scene with greater minuteness, and with considerable feeling. It relates, that, while the unfortunate gentlemen were endeavouring to escape by the window, one of the spectators called to them to leap from it; to which the answer was, in the words of the song—

"How can I leap, how can I win [get],  
How can I come to thee?  
My head's fast in the wire-window [stanchions],  
My feet burning from me!"

\* Spalding, the worthy commissary-clerk of the diocese of Aberdeen, whose history of this period is full of curious domestic incidents.

He's ta'en the rings from aff his hands,  
And thrown them o'er the wall,  
Saying, "Give them to my lady fair,  
Where she sits in my hall."  
Then out he took his little psalm-book,  
And verses sang he three;  
And at the end of every verse,  
"God help our misery."

"Thus," continues Spalding, "died this noble viscount, of singular expectation, Rothiemay, a brave youth, and the rest, by this doleful fire, never enough to be deplored, to the great grief of their kin, parents, and hail common people, especially to the noble marquis, who for his good-will got this reward. No man can express the dolour of him and his lady, nor yet the grief of the viscount's own dear lady, which she kept to her dying day, disdaining after the company of men in her lifetime, following the love of the turtle dove.

"How soon the marquis gets word, he directs some friends to take up their ashes and burnt bones, which they could get, and as they could be kent [distinguished], to put ilk one's ashes and bones into ane chest, being six chests in the hall, which, with great sorrow and care, was had to the kirk of Garntullie, and there buried. It is reported that, upon the morn after this woeful fire, the Lady Frendraught, daughter to the Earl of Sutherland, and near cousin to the marquis,\* busked in a white plaid, and riding on a small nag, having a boy leading her horse, without any more in her company, in this pitiful manner she came weeping and mourning to the Bog, desiring entry to speak with my lord; but this was refused; so she returned back to her own house the same gate she came, comfortless."

The heads of the Gordon family soon after held a meeting, at which they concluded that the fire must have been wilful on the part of Frendraught and his lady, or some dependent of theirs, though to presume that the laird could be instrumental in destroying two individuals who had come within his power from the most generous of motives, was to suppose a degree of wickedness of which the human heart appears scarcely capable. It must further be remarked, that, though bloody broils were of frequent occurrence in those days, there is hardly a trace of such cool and treacherous atrocity as is here presumed of Frendraught; while the lady had an additional reason, in her near relation to one of the parties, for recoiling from such a crime. That any measures were taken to prevent the escape of Melgum and Rothiemay from the flames, there seems every reason for discrediting, since not only a servant escaped from the apartment of Melgum, but two gentlemen sleeping in the room above Rothiemay, and who were of course at a greater distance from the outlet at the bottom of the tower, were also able to save their lives. Finally, the whole of Frendraught's family papers, with much gold and silver, both in money and plate, were consumed in the fire. Upon a candid consideration of these circumstances, it is almost impossible to come to any other conclusion than that the fire was accidental, and that the astonishing rapidity of its progress, upon which so much stress was laid, was simply owing to the construction of the tower, which being tall and narrow would cause the flames to rage with all the fierceness of a furnace.

While the popular voice was undivided in assigning a wilful origin to the fire, the suspicions of some fell upon a gentleman named Meldrum, who had once served the Laird of Frendraught, but withdrawn in discontent, and who had afterwards married a daughter of that Laird of Pitcaple, whose wrath was the indirect cause of the catastrophe. He and a servant of Frendraught named Tosh, with a young woman named Wood, were apprehended on suspicion of being "airt and part or on the counsel of this fire," and dispatched to the tolbooth of Edinburgh. The girl Wood was tortured for the purpose of forcing a confession, but without effect. Meldrum was tried three years afterwards and executed, for his alleged concern in the fire. It was proved before the Privy Council that he and the brother of the laird of Pitcaple were so incensed against Frendraught for the wound which he had inflicted on James Lesly, as already mentioned, "that they gave out openly that they would burn his castle, and had dealt to this effect with the rebel James Grant, who was cousin-german to Pitcaple." Tosh and Wood, after enduring torture without confession, were set at liberty.

In March 1631, the Marquis of Huntly, having resolved "not to revenge himself by way of deed," as his panegyrist Spalding does not fail to mention, proceeded to Edinburgh in order to lay his wrongs before the Privy Council. Four commissioners appointed by this body proceeded soon after to Frendraught, which they examined with great care, in company with several noblemen and gentlemen of the district; and the conclusion at which they arrived was, that the fire must have been raised of set purpose by men's hands, within the vaults or chambers of the tower. Though

\* Lady Frendraught, as she was called by the courtesy of the time, was daughter to the eleventh Earl of Sutherland, whose mother was Lady Jean Gordon, aunt of the then living Marquis of Huntly. This Lady Jean Gordon is conspicuous in Scottish history, on account of her having been divorced from her first husband, the Earl of Bothwell, in order to make way for the marriage of that infamous nobleman to Queen Mary. She married secondly the Earl of Sutherland, thirdly Alexander Ogilvie of Boyne, and died a widow in 1629, at the age of eighty-four, after surviving for nearly two ages, in virtue and honour, the unhappy individuals with whose fate she had been connected in her youth, and whose lives terminated under such strikingly different circumstances.

the suspicions of the marquis and of the people at large were thus fixed more firmly than ever upon Frendraught, no legal proceeding was ever instituted against that gentleman; feudal vengeance was left to take its own course.

While the Gordons were still in expectation of obtaining legal redress, there occurred an incident, in itself of little importance, but which marks the spirit of the time. The young Earl of Sutherland, brother of Lady Frendraught, and whose father was cousin-german to Huntly, in the course of a journey to Edinburgh, in January 1632, resolved to spend a night with the marquis, and for that purpose sent forward his baggage from Elgin. When he arrived in the evening at Bog of Gicht, the marquis gave him a very cold reception, and informed him that he must either break with his brother-in-law Frendraught, or with himself, as he could no longer be the friend of both. The earl answered, that he would prefer the marquis to Frendraught, but that he could not with honour throw off his sister's husband, as long as he was "law-free." Huntly immediately answered, "then God be with you, my lord," and turned away from the earl, who, with a similar expression, left the castle, notwithstanding the entreaties of the marchioness and her daughters that he would remain for the night. His lordship spent the night in a neighbouring inn, and in the morning pursued his way to the south. The singularity of such a proceeding, in an age when it was held disrespectful to pass the house of a kinsman without accepting his hospitality, seems to have made a great impression.

At length, in the beginning of the year 1634, the vengeance of the Gordons took a definite shape. Instigated and sanctioned by them, the lawless clan Macgregor and other broken men of the Highlands commenced a series of depredations upon the lands of the Laird of Frendraught, taking away hundreds of sheep and scores of cattle at each attack. On one occasion, six hundred Highlanders came down upon his grounds, and, expecting no adequate resistance, were lying scattered in parties about the country, when the laird suddenly raised two hundred men on foot and a hundred and forty horse, and, falling upon them by surprise, put them to flight. He was ultimately obliged, however, to leave his property at the mercy of his enemies, and put himself under the protection of the laws at Edinburgh. No sooner had he gone, than a great number of the heads of the clan Gordon united openly to avenge the alleged murder of Rothiemay, plundered the lands of Frendraught, and even proceeded so far as to hang a retainer of his, whom they suspected of being a spy. Finding that the Marquis of Huntly would not join with them, they drove thirteen score of nolt and eight score of sheep to Strathbogie (now Huntly), where they broke open the castle gate, and left their spoil in the courtyard, as if to implicate his lordship in their lawless proceedings. A herald was dispatched from Edinburgh, to summon the guilty parties at the market-crosses of Aberdeen, Banff, Elgin, and Inverness; and it was considered a somewhat wonderful triumph of the law that he was permitted to execute these duties, and return with his life. Altogether contemptuous of this ceremony, the vengeful Gordons went to Rothiemay, gently removed the widowed lady and her daughters to one of the outhouses, and "having manned the strong house, took it up royally, causing to kill altogether threescore marts and an hundred wedders; some they salted, some they roasted, and some they ate fresh; they bonsted [threatened] and compelled the tenants of Frendraught to bring in meal, malt, cocks, customs, and poultry, and to produce their last acquaintances, and pay them bygones, syne gave their acquaintances for such as they got, saying their acquaintances were as good as the laird's." The sheriff of Aberdeen proceeded with a band of two hundred men against these outlaws, who left their stronghold two hours before his arrival, and when he had retired, came back again, and resumed their outrages. Finding it impossible to subdue the actual criminals, the law-officers imprisoned the Marquis of Huntly in Edinburgh Castle, and only granted him liberty on his becoming bound, under penalty of a hundred thousand pounds, to protect the Laird of Frendraught and his lands. The Lady Rothiemay, though personally as innocent as the marquis, and notwithstanding the still greater injuries she conceived herself to have suffered at the hands of Frendraught, was in like manner imprisoned in Edinburgh on account of the outrages committed by her friends.

The feud ultimately expired amidst the more agitating divisions of the civil war. In that contest, the son of Frendraught acted so vigorously on the royal side, that he was created a peer in his father's lifetime, under the title of Viscount of Frendraught. Having joined Montrose in his last fatal expedition, this young cavalier performed an act of generosity, which might in some measure be said to have redeemed the alleged guilt of his parents. At the battle of Invercharron, overpowered by the parliamentary troops, Montrose was on the point of being taken prisoner, when Frendraught, by surrendering his own horse to his unfortunate leader, enabled him to make a temporary escape. Being himself taken prisoner, and threatened with a judicial death, Viscount Frendraught put an end to his existence; and the family sunk under attainder at the Revolution.

No portion of the castle which was the scene of the fatal tragedy here narrated, now exists. It seems



never to have been repaired after the calamitous fire. Nearly on the same site, towards the end of the century, a new mansion was erected; and even this is now hastening to decay. It is a plain building, and would attract little interest but for the associations connected with its name. It stands in a deep and narrow glen, amid old and gloomy trees; and its melancholy situation, the ruined gardens, avenues, and walls, which surround it, strongly impress on it the character of "a doomed spot."

### THE DOINGS OF IGNORANCE.

THOSE who are of opinion that "ignorance is bliss," and that "tis folly to be wise," may not perhaps be the worse for perusing the following article from a recent American publication, entitled "The District School," a work for parents and teachers, by J. Orville Taylor.

"When we look into the history of this world, two things are seen upon nearly every page—man's ignorance and man's wickedness. History presents another truth: the most ignorant individuals and nations have been the most vicious and degraded. The present condition of the world reveals slavery and misery where the people are ignorant, and liberty and happiness where there is mental and moral light. When the mind is not improved by virtue and knowledge, it will be governed and debased by the passions and appetites, or employed in planning and executing that which destroys happiness and prevents improvement."

How far human suffering may be attributed to ignorance, or how many of the evils which have and do exist among the inhabitants of this earth originated from ignorance, would be difficult to ascertain; but we do see and know enough to say, that the amount of suffering from ignorance is immeasurable, and that the evils are innumerable. Ignorance has not only multiplied evils, by misapplying what is good, but has given an imaginary existence to many of the most fearful nature, which have long distressed and enslaved the human race.

While ignorant of the laws of nature, man has connected with some of her most beautiful and benevolent operations, false and imaginary terrors. Before the sun of knowledge has poured light upon the mental darkness of a tribe or nation, an eclipse of the sun in the heavens is viewed by the terrified and trembling beholders with the utmost dismay and consternation. The ignorant have supposed the moon, while in an eclipse, or, what is the same thing, while passing through the shadow of the earth, was sickening or dying through the influence of enchanters. To appease the enemies of their evening luminary, they have practised the most torturing and irrational ceremonies, and submitted themselves to the most excruciating pain. Many tribes and nations are still enslaved by these foolish notions and cruel customs. The appearance of comets, too, is still regarded as a forerunner of earthquakes, famines, pestilences, and the most dreadful calamities. They know not that comets are regular bodies belonging to our system, and appear and disappear at stated periods of time. After a slight knowledge of the heavenly bodies, the appearance of a comet excites as little fear as the appearance of the sun.

Ignorance has admitted into the minds of men many absurd notions respecting judicial astrology, which have destroyed the peace and happiness of many tribes and nations. They have supposed that the characters and destinies of men are fixed by the appearance of certain stars, or the meeting of certain planets at the time of birth. Under this belief, the most foolish and unfounded apprehensions, and the most deceptive hopes, have been entertained, either to torture or disappoint the mind. A small acquaintance with the planetary bodies will show that such fears and hopes have the greatest absurdity; for it is easily seen, that although these bodies may affect the earth, they can never affect the qualities of the mind, or the operations of moral causes. Notwithstanding the absurdity of these doctrines of astrology, the most learned nations of antiquity have believed them, and by them have been thrown into the greatest disorder, agony, and despair. The arbiters, or astrologers, who observed the planets and other natural appearances, and foretold the fortunes of the ignorant multitude, raised themselves to great authority, and, like other impostors, demanded exorbitant fees for their lying services. These are some of the natural and regular planetary laws and phenomena which the ignorance of man has made objects of alarm, terror, and apprehension.

On the earth, ignorance has seen innumerable objects which have bewildered and distracted the timid and credulous. The will-o'-the-wisps are regarded as malicious spirits, sent to lead the traveller astray, and, in the end, conduct him to the place of torment. A little knowledge would enable any one to see that these meteors are nothing more than harmless lights, formed by the burning of a certain gas or vapour, which naturally rises from the moist soil over which they are always seen.

Ignorance has created distressing fears from the ticking noise of an insect, heard during the stillness of night—from the scream of a bird—from the howl of a dog—from the fall of a chimney—from an accidental noise in an unoccupied apartment of a suspected

dwelling—from an immediate return after something that had been forgotten—from having put on a garment with the inside turned out—from having set out on a journey, or undertaken some employment on Friday—from an unusual noise in a boiling tea-kettle—from a ringing in the ear—from ominous dreams, especially such as have the confirmation of a repetition—from meeting with a snake lying in the road—from upsetting the salt-dish—from the sudden and accidental striking of a silent clock—from breaking a looking-glass—from seeing the new moon over the left shoulder—from not having uncovered the head while a funeral procession passed—from missing the mouth while taking food—from being presented with a knife or any cutting instrument—and from its raining into the grave of a friend before it was closed. All of these whims, and thousands of others of a similar nature, have been regarded with apprehensions of terror, the forerunners of impending disasters, or of approaching death! Such is the slavery and misery of ignorance; continually filling the ideal world with objects which vassal the mind, and preventing those feelings of gratitude and veneration which are due to the wise Creator and Governor of the universe.

Besides the ideal beings and agencies, which are for ever present with the ignorant to terrify and distress, there are also a great many foolish and erroneous opinions which pass current for genuine truths among the uninformed part of mankind. These apothegms, or trite sayings, have a wonderful practical influence; they are at once the philosophy and the guide of the vulgar or the uneducated. The world is full of these proverbs or maxims, and it is to be lamented that so many of them are false, that the ignorant are not able to discriminate and judge for themselves, but are so frequently rendered foolish, and led astray by them.

These are some of the whimsical and false sayings which all must have frequently heard. That a man has one rib less than a woman; that the city of Jerusalem is in the centre of the world; that the tenth wave of the sea is more dangerous than any other; that all animals on the land have others like them in the sea; that the ocean and some lakes have no bottom; that white powder kills without making a noise; that all of the stars are lighted by the sun; that a burning candle, made of human fat, will prevent a sleeping man from waking; that the weather of the last Friday of the month foretells the weather of the following month; that a warm winter will be followed by a cold summer; that the winter is cold because the sun is farther from the earth; that ignorance is bliss; that little learning is a dangerous thing; that genius can do nothing without leisure and teachers; that men of business have no time to study; that what is every body's business is nobody's; that a man may know too much for his business; that ignorance is an excuse for crime; that the rich only are happy; that all things are useless which are not practical; that it makes no difference what a man believes, if he is only sincere; that the lazy man gets the most game; that the foolish labour, but the idle reaps; that there is but one penny, and the idle gets it; that God never sends the mouth but the meat with it; and that the world owes all a living.

To all of these, and many more, ignorance and credulity have given assent! How little of the true nature of things do the ignorant know, and how easily they may be imposed upon. Have not the errors which are living in society been the cause of more evil than depravity itself? The great majority of the human race have been blinded by these notions and false maxims, and they still prevail in this country to a great extent. When such absurdities and falsehoods are believed, the mind is made incapable of reasoning correctly on any subject, and in a short time becomes degraded to the lowest degree. How painful to see so many rational and immortal minds unfitted for moral and intellectual growth and enjoyment! How painful to see so many who will never feel the dignity of their nature, or fulfil the end of their being!

Ignorance and error have always led to the commission of deeds of cruelty and rank injustice. Both in heathen and Christian countries, how many millions of lives have been poured out, and how much pain and agony from bodily torture, through intolerance, or ignorance of the true nature and worship of God! Through ignorance and error, how merciless and bloody have been the thousands of persecutions which have filled the earth with violence, and covered it with blood! On whatever portion of the world or period of time we place the eye, we shall see that ignorance, vice, and misery, have been and are inseparable.

But there are other evils arising from ignorance, equally distressing to the mind and destructive to the body, as any we have described or enumerated. They are those which the ignorant bring upon themselves by not perceiving and conforming to the natural relations which exist between themselves and the objects around them—relations which must at all times be our law and our rule of action, if we are kept in the path of true happiness; but these relations are not known and obeyed by the illiterate, for they are ignorant of themselves and the qualities of natural objects. They have never looked upon themselves as animal, intellectual, and moral beings, and learned that happiness cannot be found and possessed, except the intellectual and moral faculties have the supremacy or the control over the animal nature. Not

having their moral and intellectual nature developed, or put in exercise by mental and moral instruction, they are ignorant of any other happiness but that derived from the gratification of their lowest natures—their animal appetites and passions. In this they are disappointed; for when the animal nature is properly gratified, its pleasures are not sufficient to satisfy a being who has an intellectual and moral nature. This kind of gratification may satisfy brutes, for they do not possess consciousness or reflection.

The pleasures of sense continue but a short time, for they soon lose their relish—soon become blunted or disordered, and lose all power of pleasing. And the man who has lost the pleasures of their proper gratification, tries their improper and excessive exercise; and by this means destroys his body, and cuts himself off for ever from intellectual and moral enjoyment. The sensual nature is in an unhealthy state, and the mind in subjection to it. Here, evidently, is the chief cause of human evils and affliction—a diseased, sensual nature, and its dominion over the moral and intellectual nature. A man in this condition (and there are multitudes without number in it) is full of imaginary anxieties, teased by ungovernable appetites and passions which can never be gratified, and finding tastelessness in all his shifts and efforts after that which has long since unfitted himself for enjoying.

One great office of the mind is to keep the body from excesses and injury, but it never performs this office unless it is illuminated by truth and knowledge. While the mind remains ignorant, and the affections of the heart unlawfully placed, there is no government over the appetites and passions, and their unrestrained gratification soon brings misery and destruction. There is a voice coming from every individual in the long catalogue of the human family, telling us that men need knowledge to overpower their passions, to master their prejudices, and to render them happy."

### A FEW OF THE MISERIES OF HUMAN LIFE.

THE delights of hay-time! as follows:—After having cut down every foot of grass upon your grounds, on the most solemn assurances of the barometer that there is nothing to fear—after having dragged the whole neighbourhood for every man, woman, and child, that love or money could procure, and thrust a rake or a pitchfork into the hand of every servant in your family, from the housekeeper to the scullion—after having long overlooked and animated their busy labours, and seen the exuberant produce turned and re-turned under a smiling sun, till every blade is as dry as a bone, and as sweet as a rose—after having exultingly counted one rising haystack after another, and drawn to the spot every seizable horse and cart, all now standing in readiness to carry home the vegetable treasure, as fast as it can be piled—at such a golden moment as this, to see volume upon volume of black heavy clouds suddenly rising, and advancing, in frowning columns, from the south-west, as if the sun had taken half the zodiac (from Leo to Aquarius) at a leap; they halt—they muster directly overhead; at the signal of a thunder-clap, they pour down their contents with a steady perpendicular discharge, and continue the assault, without a moment's pause, till every meadow is completely got under, and the whole scene of action is a swamp. When the enemy has performed his commission by a total defeat of your hopes, when he has completely swept the field, and scattered your whole party in a panic-flight, he suddenly breaks up his forces, and quits the field; leaving you to comfort and amuse yourself, under your loss, by gazing at his colours, in the shape of a most beautiful rainbow, which he displays in his rear.

In your evening walk, to be closely followed, for a quarter of an hour, by a large bull-dog (without his master), who keeps up a stifled growl, with his muzzle nuzzling about your calf, as if choosing out the fleshiest bite—no bludgeon.

While you are laughing or talking wildly to yourself, in walking, suddenly seeing a person steal close by you, who you are sure must have heard it all; then, in an agony of shame, making a wretched attempt to sing, in a voice as like your talk as possible, in hopes of making your hearer think that you had been only singing all the while.

After having sent from the other end of the kingdom to your circulating library in town for a quantity of well-chosen books, all particularly named—receiving in return, six months afterwards, a cargo of novels, of their own choice, with such titles as "Delicate Sensibility"—"Disguises of the Heart"—"Errors of Tenderness," &c. &c. Then, if you venture, in despair, on a few pages, being edified in the margin by such pencilled commentaries as the following—"I quite agree in this sentiment." "How frequently do we find this to be the case in real life!" "But why did she let him have the letter?" &c. &c. concluded by the reader's general decision upon the merits of the book, stamped in one oracular sentence; for example, "This is a very good novel;" or (to the horror and confusion of the author, if he should ever hear of the critique), "what execrable stuff!"

Angling for twelve or fourteen hours, alone, without one bite, though perpetually tantalised with bobs; or, when you have hooked a fine large jack, seeing him take French leave, at the moment when you are courteously showing him his nearest way to the bank.

Blundering in the figure all the way down a country-dance, with a charming partner, to whom you are a perfect stranger, and who, consequently, knows nothing of you but your awkwardness.

When you have imprudently cooled yourself with a glass of ice, after dancing very violently, being immediately told by a medical friend that you have no chance for your life but by continuing the exercise with all your might; then, the state of horror in which you suddenly cry out for "Go to the devil and shake yourself," or any other such frolicsome tune, and the heart-sinking apprehensions under which you instantly tear down the dance, and keep rousing all the rest of the couples (who having taken no ice, can afford to move with less spirit), incessantly vociferating, as you ramp and gallop along, "Hands across, sir!" "Set corners, ladies, if you have any bows!" "Right and left—or I'm a dead man!" &c. &c.

After walking in a great hurry to a place, on very urgent business, by what you think a shorter cut, and supposing that you are just arriving at the door you want—"No THOROUGHFARE."

Walking through the streets, side by side with a cart containing a million of iron bars, which you must out-bray, if you can, in order to make your companion hear a word you have further to say upon the subject you were earnestly discussing before you were joined by this noisy article of commerce.

Chasing your hat (just blown off in a high wind) through a muddy street, a fresh gust always whisking it away at the moment of seizing it; when you have at last caught it, deliberately putting it on, with all its mud upon your head, amidst the laughter of the populace.

Your feelings put to the rack throughout the most moving scenes of a deep tragedy, by a riotous rascal in the upper gallery, who will not for a moment suffer his neighbours to hear or see in peace, while you are perpetually tantalised with neglected proposals from the tender-hearted part of the audience to "throw him over."

In the room of an inn to which you are confined by the rain, or by sudden indisposition, the whole day, finding yourself reduced to the following *delasemens de cœur*:—And first for the morning. Examining the scrawled window-panes, in hopes of curious verses, &c. and finding nothing more *piquant* than, "I love pretty Sally Appleby of Chipping-Norton." "Sweet Dolly Meadows!" "A. B. G. M. T. S. &c. &c. dined here July the 4th, 1739." "I am very unappy: Sam. Jennings." "Life at best is but a jest." "Wm. Wilkins is a fool!" with "So are you," written under it.—Then for your evening recreations. After having, for the twentieth time, held a candle to the wretched prints or ornaments with which the room is hung—such as female personifications of the four seasons, or the cardinal virtues, daubed over, anyhow, with purple, red, and raspberry-cream colours—or a series of halfpenny prints, called "Going out in the Morning," "Starting a Hare," "Coming in at the Death," &c. or a *Jemmy Jessamy* lover in a wood, in new boots, but without spurs, whip, horse, or hat, with his hair full dressed, on one knee, in the dirt, before a coy May-pole Miss in an old-fashioned riding dress; both figures partly coloured, and partly plain—or a gogling wax queen bolt upright in a deep glass case, among the minikin pillars of a tawdry temple, wreathed with red foil, tinsel, and bright green varnished leaves—or the map of England, with only about four counties, and no towns in it, worked in a sampler by the landlady's youngest daughter, "aged ten years," or a little fat plaster-man on the chimney-piece, with his gilt cocked hat at the back of his head, and a pipe in his mouth; being the centre figure to a china Shakspeare and Milton, in Harlequin jackets, at the two extremities—after getting all this by heart, I say, asking, in despair, for some books; which, when brought, turn out to be Bracken's *Faeriey*—three or four wrecks of different spelling-books, a few odd vols. of the *Racing Calendar*, an *abridged Abridgement of the History of England* in question and answer, with half the leaves torn out, and the other half illegible with greasy thumbing, an old list of terms, transfer days, &c. with tax tables, &c. in each of which you try a few pages, nod over them till nine o'clock, and then stumble to bed in a cloud of disgust.

After dinner, with a favourite party, when the cloth has been removed, and the wine of conversation, as well as of the bottle, is just beginning to brighten—seeing the door open, and a string of staring babies brought in, and carried round, to be caressed and admired during the rest of the sitting—an outrage from which there is not even a by-law or dead-letter statute, under our otherwise happy constitution, that will afford you the smallest redress.

Baulking a good gape, by forcing your lips close together, in order to keep it a secret from a dull dog, that you are yawning in your sleeve at his stupidity.

Being applied to, time after time, by certain easy folks with short memories, for the loan of small sums, for the avowed purpose of making purchases which you painfully refuse to yourself, out of economy; or for the still more provoking purpose of making presents to their friends.

At a long dinner-table, to be placed at the bottom, while all the choicest and liveliest people are thrown to the top, you longing to be among them, and to join

their flights of fancy, instead of grinding along with your neighbours at the drowsy end of the table, in their broad-wheeled waggons, on the milestone road of matter-of-fact.

Slipping your knife suddenly and violently from off a bone, its edge first shrieking across the plate (so as to make you hated by yourself and the whole company), and then driving the plate before it, and lodging all its contents—meat, gravy, melted butter, vegetables, &c. &c.—partly on your own legs, partly on the cloth, partly on the floor, but principally in the lap of a charming girl who sits by you, and to whom you had been diligently endeavouring to recommend yourself.

Getting up early in a cold gloomy morning, and on running down into the breakfast-room for warmth and comfort, finding chairs, tables, shovel, poker, tongs, and fender, huddled, two or three yards high, into the middle of the room—dust flying in all directions—carpet tossed backwards—floor newly washed—windows wide open—bees-wax, brush, and rubber, in one corner—brooms, mops, and pails in another—and a dingy drab on her knees before an empty grate.

Toiling at a rotten cork with a broken screw, and so dragging it out piecemeal, except the fragments, which drop into the bottle.\*

### TO THE SOUTH WIND.

[By Charles Lamb.]

O southern wind!

Long hast thou linger'd 'midst those islands fair  
Which lie, like jewels, on the Indian deep,  
O green waves, all asleep,  
Fed by the summer suns and azure air.  
O sweetest southern wind!  
Wilt thou not now unbind  
Thy dark and crowned hair?

Wilt thou not unloose now,  
In this—the bluest of all hours,  
Thy passion coloured flowers;  
And, shaking the fine fragrance from thy brow,  
Kiss our girls' laughing lips and youthful eyes,  
And all that world of love which lower lies  
Breathing, and warm, and white—purer than snow?  
O thou sweet southern wind!  
Come to me, and unbind  
The languid blossoms which oppress thy brow.

We, whom the northern blast  
Blows on from night to morn, from morn till eve  
Hearing thee, sometimes, grieve  
That our brief summer days not long must last;  
And yet, perhaps, 'twere well  
We should not ever dwell  
With thee, sweet spirit of the sunny south,  
But touch thy odorous mouth  
Once—and be gone unto our blasts again  
And their bleak welcome, and our wintry snow;  
And arm us (by enduring) for that pain  
Which the bad world sends forth, and all its woe.

### THE RAT AND FERRET.

THE sagacity and foresight of rats is very extraordinary, and the following anecdote, wonderful as it may appear, may be relied upon. I received it from a person of the strictest veracity, who was a witness of the fact:—A box, containing some bottles of Florence oil, was placed in a store-room which was seldom opened, the lid of the box having been taken away. On going to the room for one of the bottles, the pieces of bladder and the cotton which were at the mouth of each bottle had disappeared, and a considerable quantity of the contents of the bottles had been consumed. This circumstance having excited surprise, a few bottles were filled with oil, and the mouth of them secured as before. The next morning the coverings of the bottles had been removed, and some of the oil was gone. On watching the room, which was done through a small window, some rats were seen to get into the box and insert their tails into the necks of the bottles, and then withdrawing them they licked off the oil which adhered to them. I would not have ventured to introduce this anecdote had I not been as much convinced of its accuracy as if I had been a witness of it myself.

A striking proof of the sagacity, courage, and I may say reasoning power of these animals, has been recently given me by a medical friend living at Kingston, who is much devoted to the pursuits of natural history.

It appears that from his having entertained a great deal of surprise that the ferret, an animal of such slow locomotive powers, should be so destructive and obnoxious to the rat tribe, he determined to bring both these animals fairly into the arena, in order to judge of their respective powers: and having selected a fine specimen of a large and full-grown male rat, as also an equally strong buck ferret, which had been accustomed to the haunts of rats, accompanied by his son, he turned these two animals loose in a room void of furniture, in which there was but one window, determined to await patiently the whole process of their encounter. Immediately upon being liberated, the rat ran round the room as if searching for an exit. Not finding any means of escape, he uttered a piercing shriek, and, with the most prompt decision, took up his station directly under the light, thus gaining over his adversary (to use the language of pugilists) the advantage of the sun. The ferret now erected his head, sniffed about, and seemed fearlessly to push his way towards the spot where the scent of his game was

strongest, facing the light in full front, and preparing himself with avidity to seize upon his prey. No sooner, however, had he approached within two feet of his watchful foe, than the rat, again uttering a loud cry, rushed at him, and in a violent attack inflicted a severe wound on the head or neck of the ferret, which soon discovered itself by the blood which flowed from it: the ferret seemed astonished at the charge, and retreated with evident discomfiture, while the rat, instead of following up the advantage he had gained, instantly withdrew to his former station under the window.

The ferret soon recovered the shock he had sustained, and erecting his head, once more took the field. This second rencontre was in all its progress and results an exact repetition of the former, with this exception, that on the rush of the rat to the conflict the ferret appeared more collected, and evidently showed an inclination to get a firm hold of his enemy: the strength of the rat, however, was prodigiously great, and he again succeeded in not only avoiding the deadly embrace of the ferret, but also inflicted another severe wound on his neck and head. The rat again returned to his retreat under the window, and the ferret seemed less anxious to renew the conflict. These attacks were resumed at intervals for nearly two hours, generally ending in the failure of the ferret, who was evidently fighting to a disadvantage from the light falling full on his eye whenever he approached the rat, who wisely kept his ground, and never for a moment lost sight of the advantage he had obtained.

In order to prove whether the choice of this position depended upon accident, my friend managed to dislodge the rat, and took his own station under the window; but the moment the ferret attempted to make his approach, the rat, evidently aware of the advantage he had lost, endeavoured to creep between my friend's legs, thus losing sight of his natural fear of man under the danger which awaited him from his more deadly foe. The ferret by this time had learned a profitable lesson, and prepared to approach the rat in a more wily manner by creeping insidiously along the skirting, and thus avoiding the glare of light that heretofore had baffled his attempts. The rat still pursued with the greatest energy his original mode of attack, namely, inflicting a wound and avoiding at the same time a close combat, whilst it was equally certain that his foe was intent upon laying hold of, and grasping, his intended victim in his murderous embrace.

The character of the fight, which had lasted more than three hours, was now evidently changed, and the rat appeared conscious that he had lost the advantage he originally possessed, and, like the Swedish hero, had taught his frequently beaten foe to beat himself in turn. At last, in a lengthened struggle, the ferret succeeded in accomplishing his originally intended grapple; the rat, as if conscious of his certain ruin, made little further effort of resistance, but sending forth a plaintive shriek, surrendered himself quietly to his persevering foe.—*Jesse's Gleanings in Natural History.*

RIGHTS AND LEFTS.—Rights and lefts, or shoes adapted to each foot, were first strongly recommended, if not originally suggested, in modern times, by Mr Nicholson, in his *Literary Miscellany*, under the article "Clothing." This fashion, so convenient and commendable, is now become pretty general, though, from the foregoing fact, as well as the following notices, it has less of novelty than utility to recommend it:—As some workmen were employed in making a drain, in Fossgate, York, they found, at various distances below the surface of the street, three several pavements, which appear to have been raised at different periods, when the street has been formed over a swampy ground, which bears indications of having formerly been the bed of a river. Amongst the rubbish below these pavements were several pieces of decayed wood, which had evidently been the side planks of a ship or other vessel. One circumstance connected with these discoveries will be considered remarkably curious: Solomon has said, "there is nothing new under the sun;" but we have reason to believe the honest son of Crispin, who lately introduced rights and lefts into the "gentle craft," thought his invention an exception. This, nevertheless, is now proved not to be the case; for a number of clippings of leather were turned up; and amongst them several soles of shoes, made in this manner, were found at the distance of twelve feet from the present surface of the street. A very curious sandal, made of leather, partly gilt, and variously coloured, was formerly found, and it is observable that it belonged to the left foot of the wearer; so that, if no other evidence could be adduced, this is a proof that "rights and lefts" are only "an old, old, very old" fashion revived.—*Crispin Anecdotes.*

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\* From Beresford's *Miseries of Human Life*, 2 vols. 1807.